RE-TYPED BY ARTHUR DUNCAN McINTYRE - AUG 1987.

Typed by Grace Miller McIntyre from notes written by her father, James Evander Miller, at Monmouth, Illinois on his 70th birthday.

I, James Evander Miller, was born May 28, 1837 in the town of Tarentum, Alleghany County, Penna. My father was James Miller, born December 1, 1799 near Tarentum. My grandfather, Gideon Miller, was born in 1774 in Cumberland County, Penna. Grandmother Miller, whose maiden name was Rachel Coe, was a daughter of Benjamin Coe, and was born in 1776 in New Jersey. They were married in 1798 in Alleghany, Penna.

Their children were:

1. James (my father) born 12/1/79, died 9/7/1843 in LeClaire, Ia.
2. Margaret born 1800 died 1890. Married Jacob Staley.
3. John A. born 11/3/1803.
4. Gideon Jr. - dates not known to me.
5. Benjamin - dates not known. He was a steamboat Captain between Pittsburg and New Orleans.
6. Joseph - dates unknown. Was lost after leaving home.
7. Robert - died in 1835.
8. Martha - born 1813 died 1907 at age 94. Married a Reed.
9. Alexander - born 1815 died 1887 at age 72.
10. Rachel - born 2/4/1819 - still living (1907). Married Ted Stewart.
11. Rachel - born 1821. Died in infancy.

My grandfather Gideon Miller came from the north of Ireland. It is evident they were Presbyterians. The history of Alleghany County says that Gideon and his brother Ezekiel were the first settlers in Fawn Township (now Tarentum). Ezekiel built a cabin where Millersburg now stands. He was driven across the river for a time by the Indians, but returned after a year and built a sawmill, a grist mill, and a carding mill. The same history says that James Miller (my father) built a house in 1826 where the town of Tarentum now stands, which he also used as a store, tavern, and post office. He built a sawmill at the head of Bull Creek in 1828.

Grandmother Miller was the daughter of Benjamin and Margaret Beagle Coe. Her father was a Lieutenant in a New Jersey regiment during the War of Independence and received a land grant of 400 acres from the government. He located in the hills near the head of Bull Creek about 2 miles west of Tarentum. He reared a large family, some of whom still live in that vicinity. The Coes came from England as early as 1634.

My mothers name was Eleanor McConnell (Grace Eleanor Miller McIntyre named for her). She was born 1/26/1798 in Alleghany County, Penna. She was the daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann (Watt) McConnell.

Thomas McConnell was born 9/1/1759 in Ireland. Mary Ann Watt was born 4/23/1765 in Ireland. They were married 9/4/1791. Two children were born to them in Bally-Henry, Ireland - Hugh and Eliza.

They left Ireland 6/14/1795 and arrived in Richmond, Virginia 9/18/1795, where George was born 12/31/1795. They came to the Alleghany river 5/12/1796 and to Deer Creek, Alleghany County, where they made a permanent home and where my mother was born. Their other children were Mary - born 7/16/1800, John - born 6/6/1802, Thomas - born 2/17/1805, Margaret Ann - born 4/25/1807, and James - born 10/12/1809.

Eliza married Ezekiel Miller, Jr., Mary married Stewart, and Margaret married John Randolf.

Thomas McConnell, Sr. died 9/3/1840 and Mary Ann (Watt) McConnell died 11/15/1847. Their resting place is at Deer Creek Presbyterian Cemetery. My parents are buried in Jack's Cemetery near LeClaire, Iowa. I placed headstones to mark the graves.

My father emigrated to Iowa in the spring of 1844. Iowa was then a territory. With his family he traveled by canal boat to Pittsburg and visited there a few days. We then took the steamboat MAJESTIC to Cincinnati, where we changed to the steamer MENDOTA. This took us via Cairo and up the Mississippi river to a place then called Burlin but now called LeClaire - fifteen miles up river from Davenport.

The trip as I remember took about 3 weeks. We came as deck passengers as did most emigrants in those days. My father rented a log house - one room and loft - from Griswold Vanduzer 1 miles west of LeClaire. He rented some land a mile distant for some oats and corn. He bought a yoke of oxen. Late in the fall of the next year, he moved into a log house belonging to James Jack, who had long been a friend and had been living there about 5 years. Father taught school that year in a log house - the first school taught in that neighborhood. The students came from far and near and the room was crowded. Soon after our arrival in Iowa, father took a claim on 80 acres of land one fourth mile from where the LeClaire United Presbyterian Church now stands. He hired 10 acres broken in the summer of 1844 and sowed it in wheat in the spring of 1845. He also farmed the land on the place where we lived and had very good crops that season. About the 1st of September, both father and mother took sick of a fever on the same day. A few days later, sister Eveline took the fever. Father died 9/7/1845. Mother lingered on for 3 weeks, but died 10/18/1845. Sister slowly recovered. The boys gathered the corn and sold what little property we had at auction, including the land claim with 20 acres broken and 10 fenced with a rail fence. It all sold for $70 - on time. It would have been difficult for the children to raise the $100 necessary to make entry for the land with the government.

The children were scattered among the neighbors. I went to live with the family of Eliexer Parkhurst - complete strangers.

My father was a man of more than ordinary ability, especially as a public speaker. He was a strong anti-slavery man and was well known in both Pennsylvania and Iowa for his speeches and debates

on the then burning question of American slavery. He is said to have published a book on the subject, but if so I never saw it. I lived with the Parkhursts until 7/5/1847, then went to live with Griswold Vanduzers. I went to spend the winter with Uncle James McConnell, who was acting as our guardian, and I thought I should go to school. (Note by Grace McIntyre. Father does not mention the privations and mistreatment suffered during these years, but I have often heard him and others tell of it). In the spring of 1848 I went to live with William McCool, who were from our old neighborhood in Pennsylvania. I stayed with them and worked faithfully on their farm for 7 years. (Note by Grace Mc. I have often heard that he received little schooling and was worked very hard and was known as the fastest and best worker in the county. Also that he studied at home and had a brilliant mind). I went to school from 1 to 3 months in the winters. I got no wages for my work. Near the close of this service, I got a $20 gold piece which came as my share of the sale of a pony and saddle that had belonged to my brother John. He had gone to California in 1849 and died somewhere in the gold fields 7/8/1852. I think I had never had as much a $1 until this time. The summer of 1855 I hired to James Long for 8 months for $62. That winter I lived with uncle George McConnell and attended school. The summer of 1856 I hired to 2 brothers named Bennett at $15 per month. In the fall I bought 2 yoke of oxen for $220 - partly on time - and had them wintered for their work.

I lived with William McCool for about 7 years. He owned 80 acres which he bought from the government for $1.25 per acre, borrowing the money at 10%. In the summer of 1848 I drove a breaking team of oxen and got a start made on his new farm. He built a sod house, 14 x 18 inside, all in one room. Since McCool's health was poor, all team work on the farm fell to me. I took pride in the way I did the work and was especially anxious to keep the corn clean. As I look back on those years, I feel I earned all that I got.

In school, no one seemed to encourage me to study, and I don't think I hurt myself over-working my brain. I was always small for my age and did not weigh 100 lbs when 18 years old. After that I grew in size and weighed 145 at age 24. I was keep that weight until about 50 and was 5'-8" tall.

In the fall of 1856 I went to Galesburg, Illinois and attended the academy of Knox College until spring. My sister Mary graduated that spring from Lombard College.

In the spring of 1857, when I was 20 years old, I bought 4 yoke of oxen and a breaking plow - mostly on time. I hired Ben Sturdivant for 2 months to drive the team. By harvest I had earned $332 and expenses. I sold the team of 2 yoke of oxen for $225 and worked through harvest at stacking for $2 a day. I worked at odd jobs until winter when I went to district school. I joined the

Aethenian Literary Society, which my brother John had helped organize in 1845. To this society I owe much for whatever ability I acquired as a public speaker. I was stimulated to study important subjects, especially those pertaining to government, and I have ever since had a great interest in political questions and have been able to defend my views when occasion required. I have been hampered most of my life by lack of a good liberal education. Had I enjoyed a college course I might have been a more useful man. My school days ended at age 21.

In the spring of 1858 I bought some more oxen and hired J. C. Duncan to drive. We broke about 100 acres of prairie that summer. I then sold most of the oxen and worked at harvest and stacking. I rented some land and did some fall plowing. I bought half interest in a threshing machine late in the fall. I bought my first horses and ran the machine until mid-winter. I bought seed wheat in LaCrosse, Wis. and sowed 50 acres to wheat in the spring of 1859, 5 acres of oats and 14 acres of corn. I had a fair crop. I started the thresher early and ran it until fall, buying out the other half interest. In the spring of 1860, I took the Pikes Peak gold fever, and crossed the plains with Kelsey, David Evans, and J. C. Duncan. We had a covered wagon and 2 large yoke of oxen. I went by rail to St. Joseph, Mo. and down to Atchison, Kans. where I stayed a few weeks. From there by boat to Nebraska City where I met our train of 7 teams from LeClaire. We bought our supplies in Sidney, Iowa and started for Denver about May 1st, making the trip in about 30 days. Soon after leaving Nebraska City we were past any settlement. We passed just south of where the city of Lincoln, Nebr. now stands, but there was not a settler in sight.

We struck the Platte River 100 miles east of Fort Kearney and followed the south side as far as Fort Urains, a building erected by the Hudson Bay Co. near the mountains. We forded the river here and struck the foothills at Golden, 15 miles west of Denver. Here we took a few days rest.

Some of us walked to Denver for our mail, which was carried there by Hinckley's Stage Co. for 25¢ per letter plus the government stamp. We found Denver quite a large size town with large stores. The buildings were of lumber that had been sawed in the foothills and hauled across the plains by ox team. The merchants added 10¢ per pound freight charges to the cost of articles.

In our trip up the Platte Valley we were not alone. The teams of the regular freighters plus the mad seekers after gold nearly filled the roads. It was a fine view to stand on the front of our wagon and trace the windings of the road in that level valley by the endless stream of wagons. The Express Co. had stations about 20 miles apart where they changed teams. The keepers of these stations kept "store goods" for sale. One sign read "Whiskey For Sail".

From Golden we traveled along the base of the mountains to Mt. Vernon where we entered the mountains. The route was a continuous winding over gullies and rocky ridges. We often had to hold the wagon with ropes to keep it from upsetting. After 2 hard weeks we came to Hamilton, then crossed the ridge of the range over the Blue River where Breckenridge and a new mining area had been started. Here we located, got some claims in a dry district, helped dig a water ditch, sawed lumber for a sluice with a whipsaw, and mined for about 2 months. We made an average of $6 per day per man. I bought a team of horses and harness and Thomas McConnell bought a wagon. We started home 9/15/1860.

Heavy snow fell on the summit that night. We traveled slowly down the Platte valley until we came to Fort Kearney, where we forded the river and followed the north side to Omaha. There we sold what gold dust we had left for $16 per ounce. Our team was badly worn down. We had bought a little corn in Denver - 8 lbs for $1 and got no more until we reached Fort Kearney, where we paid $2 for a bushel. We arrived home near LeClaire and the next day voted for Abraham Lincoln - my first vote for President. I have voted in every presidential election since with the exception of 1876, when I was in Iowa but not a resident.

In the spring of 1861 I rented 40 acres and sewed it in wheat. I broke prairie for the use of the land the next season. I had a fair crop. I started plowing, but suddenly stopped for the President had called for 300,000 volunteers and I prepared to enlist. It took me some time to dispose of my effects for a 3 year or forever absence. Early in November I gave my name to a recruiting officer as a recruit in Company B, 2nd Iowa Infantry, then located at Benton Barracks in St. Louis, Mo. I arrived in St. Louis 11/25/1861 and was mustered into the service that day. I drilled with the regiment for about a month and then was taken into the city to guard 1300 prisoners at McDowell College. On 2/11/1862 we transferred the prisoners to Alton, Ill. Then we boarded a boat for Ft. Donaldson, Tenn. and arrived the night of 2/13/1862. We disembarked the next morning and took our positions on the extreme left of Grant's army. During the day there were 2 successful assaults on the rebel works to our right.

The battle opened early on the 15th. The rebels attempted to break through Grant's right and thus escape to the south. They were driven back with heavy losses on both sides. During this, the works in our front appeared to be alomost deserted and, if ordered, we could have probably taken them with little loss. General Smith, commanding the left wing, was holding us in readiness awaiting orders. Colonel J. M. Tuttle of our regiment had asked the privilege of leading the charge with the 2nd Iowa. It was nearly 2 pm when the order came to charge on the left. Tuttle divided the regiment putting the left wing in fron and the right wing about 150 yards in the rear. Thus the 2nd Iowa moved slowly up a hill covered with fallen oak trees, the limbs of which had been pointed sharp to impede our progress and divide us. The line of works was hidden from us by the turn of the hill until about 100 yards from them. They were built of earth and logs with a deep ditch on the

outside, large logs placed on top with blocks so they could shoot under the logs and be well protected. By this time the works were well manned, and as soon as we came into view they opened fire on us. With a yell, we rushed forward and climbed over the works, where we had a hand to hand battle. Bayonets were used freely, and the works were soon cleared of rebels. Had they all stood their ground, as some of them did, we would never have succeeded. We could see them running down the next hollow when we reached the works. It seemed to me that it took only a few minutes until it was all over, but the regiment lost 223 men dead and wounded. I think this was the first successful charge against rebel fortifications by federal troops.

Some other regiments were brought up and as soon as the way was cleared some batteries were placed in position. The rebels had withdrawn to a heavy line of works near the riverfront. Our position had a view of their whole camp down to their heavy guns on the left, which had defied the small gun boats on the Cumberland river. Thus ended the battle for that day, and we lay in the snow and mud until the break of day. Then the rebels sounded a parley and sent out a flag of truce asking for terms of surrender. The terms demanded by Grant were for "immediate and unconditional surrender". This was accepted. History gives the number who surrendered and of those who escaped during the night on boats down the river.

I shall not attempt to describe all the battles, marches, and campaigns in which we were engaged further than to say that when we left Fort Donaldson we were sent to Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee river. There we engaged in the Battle of Shiloh, so named for a nearby church. Then we took part in the siege of Corinth. After its evacuation by General Beauregard, our brigade remained in the vicinity of Corinth, guarding railroads and holding this important position for more than a year. During this time we were often sent out to clear the country of roving bands of cavalry.

It was at this time that Van Dorn and Price made their raid thru the country with a large force. We were reinforced by the army of General Rosecrans and were at the battle of Iuka 9/9/1862. Soon after that in the 2 day battle in defense of Corinth, we lost many killed including our Colonel and Lt. Colonel. After this battle our regiment was located at Rienza, Miss. for some weeks and then returned to Corinth and into winter quarters. We remained there until the fall of Vicksburg. Then we joined General Sherman's army and moved to Pulaski, Tenn. where we wintered.

During the winter of 1865 the government called for the re-enlistment of all men who had less than a year to serve of their first 3 year enlistment. The greater part of our regiment volunteered for 3 more years or until discharged at the close of the war. I among others was then discharged and then mustered in again. From that day on, we were called the 2nd Iowa Veteran Volunteers, were given a 30 day furlough, and furnished transportation.

In the spring of 1864 we moved to Chatanooga, Tenn. and took our position in the move to drive back and destroy General Joseph Johnson's army. General Sherman had over 100,000 men, well organized and equipped for the great campaign that resulted in the

capture of the rebel stronghold Atlanta, Ga. During this campaign, our regiment was engaged in numerous small battles with some killed and wounded. We were in 3 general engagements of 7/22 to 7/28 and at Jonesborough at the rear of Atlanta.

Soon we went to Rome, Ga. and then marched to Altoona Pass. Our division commander, General John M. Corse, started from Rome on the cars taking 1 brigade and leaving our brigade to march thru. Since that brigade had rested at Rome since its capture, while we had been taking Atlanta, we thought they should have marched and we get to ride. If we had ridden many of us would have been killed or wounded, but we got there in time to reinforce them and the rebels withdrew. We had little part in the battle of Altoona Pass, which for numbers engaged is considered the most sanguine of the War. After this battle, we went to Atlanta and soon after started with Sherman to the sea. This was by far the most agreeable campaign we made during our entire service. We had no quarrel with anybody until we arrived at Savannah on the coast. There we had a short siege and took Fort McAllister, whose siege guns had defied our Navy for so long. This opened the river to our transports that brought us supplies. After 3 weeks stay in Savannah, we began our march through the Carolinas. Our first stop was at Goldsborough, NC, where we met a considerable force under the command of our old foe, General Joseph E. Johnson. Near there was fought the battle of Bentonville, which closed the fighting for the war as far as Sherman's army was concerned. About this time, the Army of the Potomac under General Grant and the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee were having the death struggle at Petersburg and Richmond. It was while we were at Goldsborough that we heard of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army. And a little later the assasination of Lincoln, our President. From Goldsborough we marched via Richmond to Washington, DC, and passed through the Grand Review. We camped there about 2 weeks and then took the Baltimore & Ohio through Harpers Ferry to Parkersburg, W. Va. From there we went by boat to Louisville, Ky. where we were honorably discharged, and paid off at Davenport, Iowa on 7/12/1865. My term of service was 3 years and 8 months.

During the fall I traveled some going to St. Louis, Galesburg, Springfield, Ill., Chicago, and through northern Iowa. I spent the winter in the old neighborhood and on the 16th of March 1866, Ann Jane Duncan and I were married, in which relation we continue to this date.

Long as I had lived in this neighborhood, I had never had an acre of land I could call my own. We moved to a small farm for which we paid cash rent. We had the pleasure of starting very near the foot of the ladder with the usual hopes and aspirations of climbing high. At this time of depreciated currency, our possessions were worth about $1600. The crop of 1866 was a bountiful one. We had over 400 bushels of wheat which sold at prices varying from $1.90 to $2.67 per bushel. The cost of production was unusually high. In the fall I bought half interest in a threshing machine with my brother-in-law. Our gross earnings were about $100 per week for 12 weeks. In the spring of 1867 we moved to an 80 acre farm belonging to James

Jameson. We remained there for 3 years, paying 1/3 of the grain as rent. While on this farm two sons were born (John Alexander and James Charles), both most gladly welcomed.

With a new partner, I ran the thresher. Help was high priced. I paid $3 per day for men to shock and bind grain, and $1 per day to have it reaped with a machine that just layed the sheaves loose on the ground. So we got little for our work.

In the spring of 1870, we moved to Vinton, Benton County, Iowa, where my older sister lived. We remained there through the summer, then moved to a farm in Keokuk County 14 miles northwest of Sigourney. Our first daughter, Lorene Jane, was born May 6th while we lived in Vinton, a valuable addition to the family. I worked as a stone mason during the summer at Vinton and hired out my team and wagon for $6 per week and feed. I bought another team and wagon when we moved, paying $235 for the team and $90 for the wagon.

In the summer of 1871 I hired John (Jack) Duncan to tend the corn while I broke 80 acres of prairie sod for $3 per acre. We had a good crop, but it was low in price - corn 15¢ and wheat 55¢ bu. In the summer of 1872 we moved to another farm where we lived until 9/16/1873, on which day we started to Nebraska. During the 3 years in Keokuk County, two sons were born to us (Frank Greeley and William Van). William Van was born 11/19/1872 and, to our great sorrow, died 3/28/1873. Frank was born 8/14/1873 and was a month and two days old when we started west, in a covered wagon. We had found that by farming and paying rent we were not getting ahead, when prices for hogs and grains were so low. We were anxious to get a home of our own and concluded that we would take a homestead in the new west. We had fine weather for our trip; we have looked back on it as one we especially enjoyed. We had a team of large mules to pull our wagon. It took some time to determine where to locate. Our first stop was at Kearney, 197 miles west of Omaha. We found a new settlement 20 miles northeast of Kearney. There we found a beautiful valley, but the place we wanted had been taken nearly a year before by a man named Houston from Ohio. He had hired 5 acres to be broken, but had not paid for it. His time to make final settlement had expired, but decided to give him more time feeling he might still want it. After a rest of a few days, we drove back to Grand Island where the government Land Office was located. The agent advised us to investigate the Loup river valley. From there we went to a place called Loretree, now called Central City, where we found a vacant house and moved in. Soon I went to Columbus, Neb. by rail, then by foot up to the Loup valley and the Pawnee Indian reservation. I stayed overnight with the agent, then walked up to the edge of Boone County. It was a lovely walk, but all the good land had been taken. But I chose a quarter section of gently rolling land and walked back to the Indian Agency. I spent the night with a Mr. Platte, who had been a trader with the Pawnees for 28 years. He said he had changed the name of Nebraska river to Platte river. The next morning, the head chief of the Pawnees, Pit-a-le shar-u, came to the store, and Mr. Platte introduced us.

I wanted to cross the Loup river, which was perhaps 1/4 mile wide there. If I could get across I could walk home in about the same time as to Columbus, where I would be 40 miles from home by rail.

Railroad fare was 10¢ per mile. The chief said if I would go back to the indian village, about 1½ miles, I could get an indian to take me across on a pony. I decided to try it. It was November 9th and freezing cold with slush ice floating in the river. I went into some of the teepees, but no one would take a pony into the river when they saw its condition. I could not blame them. One very tall Indian offered to lead me across for $2.50. I thought of how this story would interest my grandchildren in years to come, but I had waded a creek barefooted to get to this village. That convinced me that if I undertook to cross the river that way, I would never live to see my grandchildren. So I went back to the store. The chief was there and walked with me 2 or 3 miles as I went toward Columbus. On the way, I bought his quirt for 30¢ as a relic of a once powerful Indian tribe. As I journeyed toward Columbus, I met scattered Indians, all of whom wanted money first and then tobacco. I had learned their tricks in 1860 while crossing the plains. They did not look in need, so I replied by asking them for money. When I arrived home that night there was a letter awaiting me from John Davis, with whom we had stayed in Kearney, stating that if I wanted the quarter section of Houston's I had better come right away or someone else would get it. This was a Saturday night.

On Monday I drove the team with empty wagon to Gibbon, the county seat, reaching there Tuesday noon. I filed a contest against Houston for the SE quarter section 14 Town 11 Range 15. I drove out 15 miles that evening and camped on the land that night. The next day Davis helped me get timbers for a house. I borrowed a breaking plow to cut sod for the walls. I had the walls about 4' high when winter set in and stopped work. I returned to Lone Tree. Learning that we could get the use of a dugout to move into, we loaded up and started for our future home. The trip took 3 days.

Note by G. E. Mc. "During this time, Mother had rheumatism very bad, but she took in the John McCool family - old friends who arrived unannounced. She took care of Mrs. McCool when her new baby came. Mother always went to any home where there was serious sickness. She also delivered most of the babies born in the community. She never received any compensation other than the joy she sincerely had in all kinds of real Christian service. My brother Charlie told me that, since father was a very good stone mason and carpenter, the sod house was wonderfully built with solid timbers and the sod laid as if it were stone. His building skills were later used in the frame house, the church, and other buildings". End of note by G. E. Mc.

We moved into our new house 4/23/1873. It had been nicely plastered, and we lived comfortably and contented. We never heard from Houston, the original claimant.

That spring I planted 3 acres of the 5 that had been plowed in wheat with the rest in corn, potatoes, and garden. I then broke 20 acres of prairie and broke some for other people. The season of 1874 was the hottest and driest on record since that part of the state was settled. I planted considerable seed corn. Our wheat did fairly well as we got about 60 bushels. There was not a grain of corn raised in the settlement, no potatoes, and very little garden. The dry, hot weather began June 10th with a strong south wind that never ceased day or night for 25 days. The roving grasshoppers

were seen high in the air passing to the north. The wind was very hot and dry with no sign of moisture at night. The temperature was over 100 in the shade, and some days was as high as 116. The nights were hot, too. July 20th the wind changed, and we had a little shower followed by a light breeze from the north. This breeze brought back the great clouds of grasshoppers that covered the whole face of the country so there was scarcely room for them on the ground. Our wheat was in the shock, so some of it was saved. The grasshoppers stayed with us 3 days and left when a strong north wind came. They had eaten everything green - even the leaves off the trees. The 100 young fruit trees we had carefully planted were ruined. The country looked desolate, and many settlers left in disgust. We decided to stay and trust for better times in the future. I mowed plenty of fine hay for the mule and the cow (with a scythe) besides 10 tons for $20. I cut wood from public land and hauled it to Kearney and Gibbon, selling it for $3 per load. Provisions were low in price - I could get a fair grade of flour for $1.25 per cwt and nice buffalo hams for 5¢ lb. Winter was cold with some severe storms, but we got through it comfortably.

The season of 1875 was much better. Potatoes were the greatest crop I ever saw in any country, but grain crops of all kinds were rather light. We had little to sell that year except potatoes, and they were so plentiful we could hardly find a market at any price.

The season of 1876 was very bad - the most discouraging we experienced during our 31 years in Nebraska. Drouth and hot winds, and then came the worst deluge of grasshoppers ever to sweep over the USA. This extended from the Rocky Mountains east as far as Iowa and Missouri and from north to south. On August 14th I left with 4 neighbor men in my wagon with mules for the east to look for work. We went as far as Atlantic, Iowa and found grasshoppers all the way. They varied from 1 or 2 per sq. yd. to a complete carpet. They made no attempt to get back to their breeding grounds in the sandhills of western Dakota, but layed the ground full of eggs where they were. The young hoppers could not endure the cold rains and late snows of that spring and perished to the last one. So ended one of the great plagues of the west.

The season of 1877 was the best we saw in Nebraska. All kinds of grain were great crops. Other parts of the country had light crops, so we got a high price for our surplus. Our wheat brought $30 per acre. The drawback was the small amount of land under cultivation and the scarcity of seed. This was followed by 12 years without a failure. Then the season of 1890 was a bad failure, 1891 was very productive, but 1894 a bad failure. Until 1902 the crops were light and prices low. In 1902 we had a large acreage of winter wheat and a heavy yield, and it sold for 45¢ per bushel. Then land values advanced - up to 100% by 1907.

We lived on the homestead for 31 years until the fall of 1904, except when we lived in Kearney and rented the place. We sold it in October 1904 to C. W. Talbott for $6000 - considered a big price at the time. Now (1907) it would sell for $10,000.

During these years 4 children were born to us - Fred D., 9/7/1877 - George Carlton, 5/8/1882 - Grace Eleanor, 4/2/1886 - and Louis Duncan, 3/29/1879 died 1/9/1880.

While living in Kearney, we bought some vacant lots for $4700. Before we could dispose of them, a local panic set in and this property lost its inflated value. I traded it off for unimproved land which was later lost.

I was the first Justice of the Peace in Cedar Township and held that office for many years. During the period of early settlement I had a few important law cases. I performed the marriage ceremonies for the community. I was nominated 3 times for County Treasurer. I was elected State Senator on the People's Independent ticket for the 16th District, which included Buffalo and Sherman counties. In the session of the legislature that met 1/2/1899, I took an active part in the proceedings. I was nominated to succeed myself in the fall of 1900 and again elected. The session of that year was important, because the legislature had to elect 2 U. S. Senators. The Republicans had a majority in both houses, but could not agree on any of their numerous candidates. On the 64th day, they elected Millard of Omaha and Dietrich of Hastings. The former was a banker favored by the railroads, and the latter a very ignorant man for the position. The Fusionists, a coalition of Independents and Democrats, elected me minority leader for both houses. It was my duty to call all meetings when so directed by the steering committee and to preside over them. The Republican majority was responsible for all that was done or undone. Very few bills were introduced along party lines, and a fair percentage of bills introduced by the minority were enacted into legislation. During the senatorial contest the minority usually cast their votes for Wm. Allen and W. R. Thompson. We had no hope of electing either, so we occasionally varied the vote. On one of those days, I was complimented and received more votes than any candidate that day.

In the fall of 1904, my wife and I visited the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. Soon after our return, we sold the farm and moved to Monmouth, Ill. Before locating there, we took a trip to Pennsylvania where we were born and where we had many first and second cousins. At that time 2 sisters of my father lived there - also a widow of my fathers brother. One of my fathers sister was 92 and the other 85. My wife had one aunt still living. My wife had been away from there nearly 50 years and I nearly 61 years. I met 12 people who remembered knowing me before we left. We visited in about 6 counties to find all the relatives who had heard about us being in the country. The old farm from which my father moved his family to Iowa was visited. The log house had been taken away and a frame one built on the same ground. The old barn with the same stone foundation was still standing. Rail fences enclosed the fields as of yore, but the forest trees were gone from the lot. The public road had not been changed and its windings were just as they had lived in my memory for 60 years. I found none of my tracks on the ground as it was covered with deep snow. If I had left hatchet marks on the cherry trees, they did not show. The day I was there it was too cold to get around the farm well, but I took supper with the family living there. My mind went back long ago when my parents and brothers and sisters were dwelling on this spot which we had left to make our home in Iowa territory. None of us had seen the place until that day, and I was the only one of 7 children still alive. How lonely I felt. I could not tell of the

visit to any of the dear ones who had shared the old home with me. This home - the only one in Pennsylvania I remembered - is about a mile up Bull Creek from Tarentum. The old building once occupied by father as a dwelling, store and post office is still standing and is used as a warehouse by a Mr. McNeal, who has built a store near it. He said that it is the same building, with the same weather boards and same windows, that was built by my father and is the place where I was born.

After staying in Pennsylvania for 2 months, we came to Monmouth to live. During my 70 years, vast and important changes have taken place in different parts of the world, particularly in the USA. The population has increased from 16 million to about 80 million. The center of population has moved from West Virginia to the west border of Indiana. When I was born in 1837, settlements had to be made near navigable rivers as railroads were almost non-existent. Now the mileage is over 500,000. Telegraphy came into existence the same year I was born, but it has traveled further, developed faster, and bids fair to outlive me. In 1876 the telephone was first used to transmit the human voice. Science has accomplished more for the comfort and convenience of the human race in the 19th century than in all other centuries.